King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemyes.
Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone lle rid you from t
King. Thou singst sweete
Go by that token, rise and le
Tis no more but so, say, is it
And I will loue thee and pre
Tir. Tis done my good L
King. Shall wee heare from
Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue con
The late demand that you di
King. Well let that passe
Buc. I heare that newes m
King. Stanley, he is your w
Buc. My Lord I claime yo
For which your honor and
The Earledome of Herford
The which you promised I
King. Stanley looke to you
Letters to *Richmond* you sha
Buc. What sayes your Hig
King. As I remember *Henr*
Did propheſie that *Richmon*
When *Richmond* was a littl
A King perhaps, perhaps,
Buc. My Lord.
King. How chance the prop
Haue told me I being by, th
Buc. My Lord, your prom
King Richmond, When last
The Maior in curtesie shewe
And called it Rugemount, at
Because a Bard of *Ireland* tol
I should not liue long after I
Buc. My Lord.
King. I whats a clocke?
Buc: I am thus bold to put
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well but whats a clo
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten

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